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Den här kom till mig under en lektion... jag är inte så mörk i vanliga fall, men jag läste en alldelles underbar vampyrbok nyss, så den har säkert inspirerat... den är skriven i fri form (som de flesta av mina dikter). Vad den handlar om? Gissa!

Crimson blood - Black rose

Alone in the still of night, walking in silence;
hesitant sounds, someone following?
I twirl around, nothing to see but trees,
sounds continue, without a source,
my heartbeats drum louder, the fright increases;
I start to run, feet pounding on the earth,
silent footsteps whisper behind, I am being chased,
constantly followed, they never falter nor fade,
I can not escape, I know this.

Glances behind, something flashes by,
hands of iron halts me abruptly,
a fan of silky, black hair, pale, pale skin,
gleaming eyes, I can not move away,
hypnotising eyes transfixes me.

Such beauty, such a terrifying, perfect beauty,
deadly, but oh, so attracting, a moth to a flame;
one part of me wants to run, flee for my life,
another part wants to stay, to never leave;
I stand still as a marble- statue,
his hands so very cold against my arms,
the grip lessens slightly, I'm too weak to move.

His eyes, those of a hunter, but yet,
I sense a softness in them, confusing,
a small, ironic smile hovering on his lips,
they move, he whispers something, inaudible;
his head bends down to my exposed neck,
the lips touch my skin – cold, like ice,
pulse starts racing, his lips part,
my blood bursts into flame as sharp teeth
teasingly scrapes against my skin;
he toys with me, plays some twisted game,
the skin breaks like under a razor,
blinding pain as my lifeblood flows freely.

Eyes refuse to close, try to scream,
in response to the pain, no sounds pass my lips,
my limbs grow heavy, I offer no resistance now;
I lie broken at last, on the ground, an emptied vessel,
the vampire looks down on me,
the beauty of his white skin barely rosy from my blood,
flowing through his veins now,
a final image before eternal dark:
an elegant, mocking bow,
silver- blue eyes rimmed in black, glowing in the faint light,
a swirl of black hair and cloth,
a rush of air – my bane is gone.

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